

I kept thinking it over, and one day when I was out for a walk I met Sting coming home from the course. "Look here, little man," I said, "I'd like to see you win that Cup on account of my mistress."

"I can't beat you," answered the chestnut; "you're young, and fast, and sound."

"I'm not sound," I added; "but I think I can beat all the others. Do you think you are fast enough to do them up?" I asked him.

"Yes," he answered, simply; "if this pain doesn't choke me off I can beat them all, because I did it in Australia."

Then I did an awful thing, gentlemen; I turned traitor to my master. Even as I write it, it seems there is no excuse. But now I am only a cab horse in London and have no reputation to keep up, so it doesn't matter.

To Sting I said: "In the race, dash to the front with me just as we turn into the straight. I'll keep a place ready for you next the rail on the inside. As we turn the corner I'll bore out wide and close the others off. You rush up in my place and win. If you *can't* win, I *will*; for I have speed enough to gallop over these cart-horses. I'll teach those big lubbers not to despise a horse just because he's small."

"That won't be right," suggested Sting; but I could see him prick his small, silken ears eagerly, and his big eyes glistened with delight. I gulped down something at this, for I had never done anything mean before, and answered:

"I know it's not right, but my mistress will be happy if you win."

"Well," said Sting, "I suppose we have a right to arrange races among ourselves sometimes as well as the men have. Only the other day I heard a conversation between some of your people and the Nawab of Ballygunge. They advised him to buy me if I won the Trial Stakes. This race, you know, is a few days before the Viceroy's Cup. Then they talked among themselves, and I know that if they buy me I am

to be run so as to allow you to win, for they've got a pile of money on you. But all the same I wouldn't do this if it wasn't for your mistress; for man's code of morals wouldn't do for us horses—it's not good enough."

Thinking over what I was going to do made me morose; I couldn't bear to rub the trainer's cheek with my nose any more. He said the beer was giving me a vicious temper, making me sullen, and, that as soon as the race was over, he'd make me take the pledge—he'd shut off my beer.

I knew they'd be furious with me if Sting won—all but Miss Jess.

Well, Sting won the Trials quite handily, and the Nawab of Ballygunge tried to buy him, but his owner refused point blank. He swore he'd stick to the little horse if it broke him. Sting told me about this conversation, for he'd heard it; we both admired the captain's pluck, and it made us a little easier in our minds over doing him a good turn.

The only man I felt really sorry for was the trainer, Southall. If I could only have told him to back Sting. I tried every way I could think of. I pretended to be very lame, and refused to take even the beer, thinking that he would become frightened and hedge on Sting. But he put the liquor in a strong soda-water bottle, and, opening my mouth, held my head high and poured it down my throat. I was forced to swallow it; so that failed. He got mad and said, "Damn you! you don't want to win, I believe." Wasn't it odd?

Then came the day of the Viceroy's Cup. Well I remember it; it was the day after Christmas, the 26th December. Early in the morning Miss Jess came to see me, riding on a black-legged bay Arab horse.

"Well, Dip," she said, flicking a fly off my rump with her riding whip, "I wish I could bribe you to let Sting win. Father doesn't need all the money he's going to land; but you're such an honest old chap I'm afraid you wouldn't lose the race even for me."

Then she slipped into my mouth a